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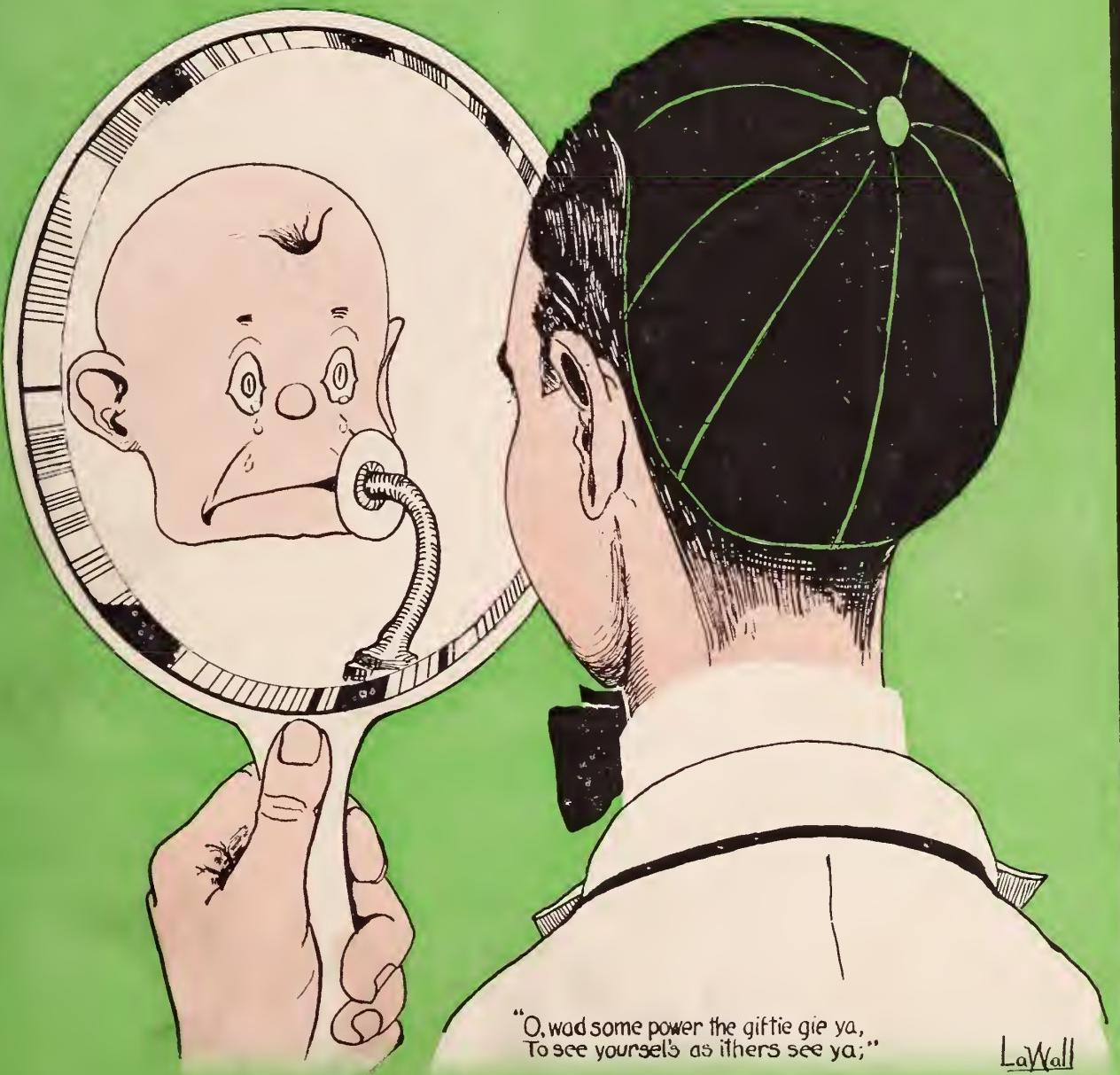
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A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

LEHIGH BURR



"O, wad some power the giftie gie ya,
To see yourself as others see ya;"

LaWall

THE FRESHMAN NUMBER.

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Accounting For It

Levi Cohen was looking very dejected. That morning, he left the house with five pounds in his pocket to try his luck at the races, but alas, he had returned at nightfall footsore and weary, and nothing in his possession but a bad half-penny.

No wonder his better half was in a bad temper. "How is it," she snapped, "That you're so unlucky at the races and yet you always win at cards?" "Well, my dear," responded Levi, meekly, "you see it's this way: I don't shuffle the horses."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Do you really think Germany contemplates a free Poland?"

"No doubt, free to the Germans."—*Life*.

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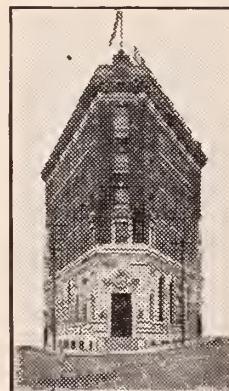
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Accuracy

An American editor had a notice stuck above his desk that read: "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" and this notice he always pointed out to the new reporters.

One day the youngest members of the staff came in with his report of a public meeting. The editor read it through and came to the sentence: "Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"What do you mean by making a silly blunder like that?" he demanded wrathfully.

"But it's not a blunder," protested the youngster. "There was a one-eyed man in the audience."—*Tit Bits*.

"Oh, Myrtie. Weren't you frightened to death when that burglar broke into your room?"

"Frightened 's no name for it; I was dressing."

"Mercy, how terribly embarrassing. Whatever did you do?"

"Oh, he was very considerate, he covered me with his revolver."

—*Ideal Power*.

Mrs. Smith—"Sam, are you going to get married, like some other people I've heard of, to keep from going to war?"

Sam—"No'm, I ain't goin' to git married. If I has to fight, I want to fight a man."—*Life*.

John S. Payne
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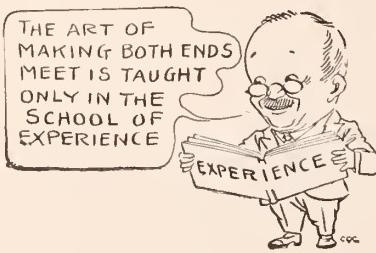
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That Gems Governed Destinies—

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August, Sardonyx
September, Sapphire
October, Opal
November, Topaz
December, Turquois

Inconsistent

There are many inconsistent men,
But the doctor tops the lot—
He tells you need change, and then
Takes all the change you've got.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Mistress—"Did you see if the butcher had pigs' feet?"

Maid—"No, ma'am, I couldn't, he had his boots on."—*Ideal Power*.

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Scriptural Rain

Farmer Hayrick—"Mighty wet rain, hain't it, squire?"

Squire Grouch—"Ever hear of rain that wasn't wet, you idiot?"

Farmer Hayrick—"Yes, I did. Accordin' to Scripture, it once rained fire and brimstone, by gosh."—*Transcript*.

Full Particulars Free

They were seated in a tramcar—the mother and her little boy.

The conductor eyed the little boy suspiciously. He had to keep a lookout for people who pretended that their children were younger than they really were, in order to obtain free rides for them.

"And how old is your little boy, madam, please?"

"Three and a half," said the mother truthfully.

"Right, ma'am," said the conductor satisfied.

Little Willie pondered a minute. It seemed to him that fuller information was required.

"And mother's thirty-one," he said politely.—*Tit-Bits*.

With a Motive

"There's a girl who is always anxious to take my part."

"A devoted friend, eh?"

"My understudy," explained the star simply.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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 Entrance to Bridge. Telephone.

Busy

"Is Mr. Flubdub busy?" asked the diffident customer.

"Mr. Flubdub is always busy," replied the pompous attendant.

"Well, let him stay busy."

And that's how Mr. Flubdub lost a big order.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

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Best Assortment of Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Herd's and Crane's Fine Stationery, Fountain Pens for Every Hand.

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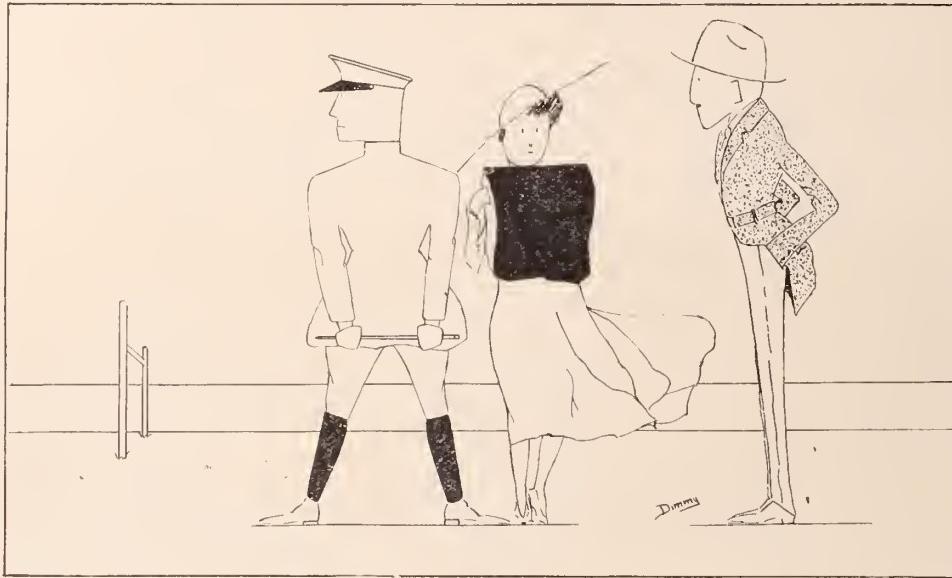
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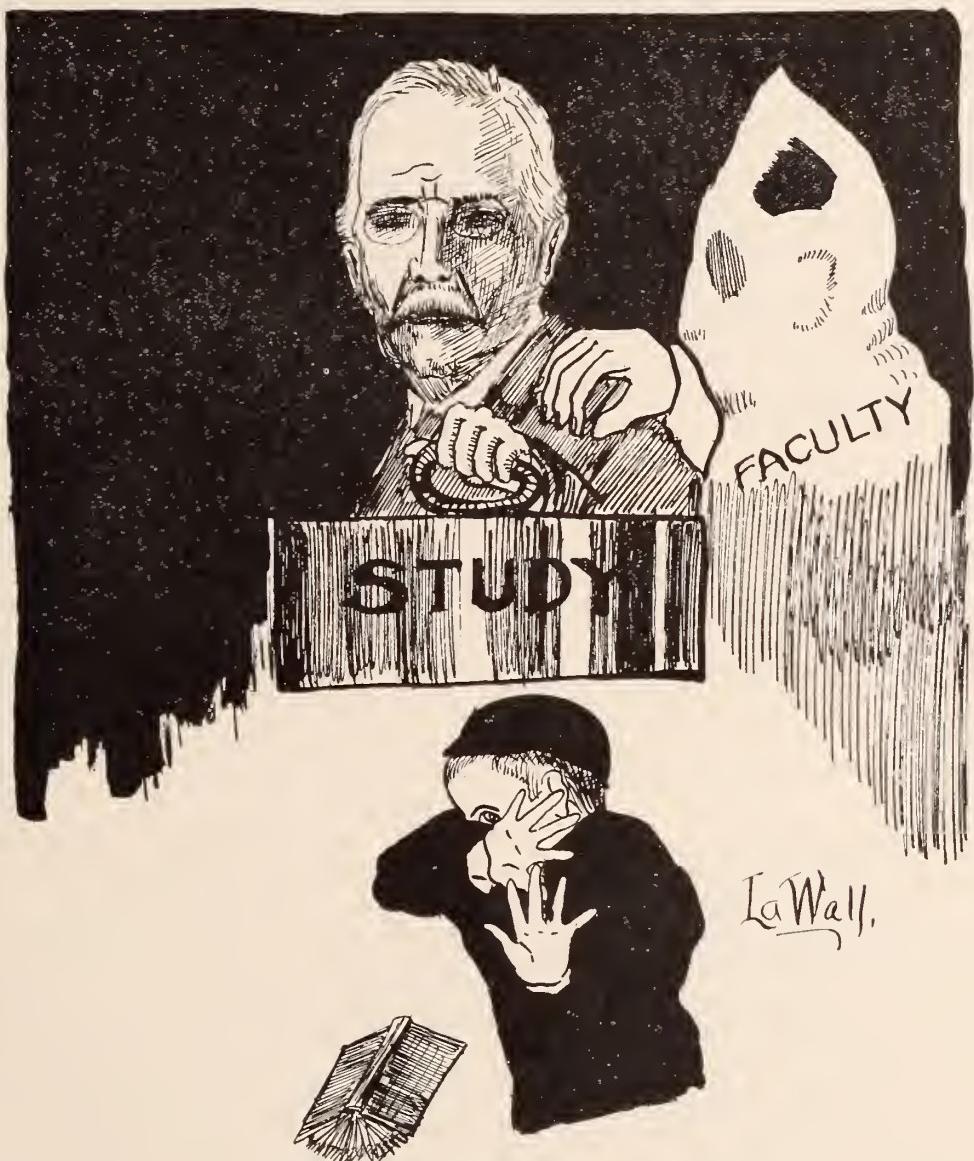
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Alright Doctor, drop it and we're off!

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DON'T SIT ON ME



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VOLUME XXVII

OCTOBER, 1917

NUMBER ONE

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EDITORIALS

A Belated Welcome

Hello, Freshman. We won't greet the other three classes. They've never been late themselves so they don't know how it feels. However, if you had lost all your Business Staff, but one almost inexperienced Sophomore, you would be late too. So there. But to finish what we started—hello, Freshman. Good luck to you. Don't study too hard. Keep on the books. Don't run the streets. Don't stay at home. Don't keep good hours. Don't miss the prominent people that you are bound to miss if you do keep good hours. In fact, Freshman, do as your conscience dictates, and the Sophomores allow you. You are on your own. It is up to you which way you will go—you can't go two ways—and as Burro remarked before—good luck to you.

Hazing

There has been much discussion of late as to hazing. There have been whispered conspiracies, and open mutinies, and tea-parties, and class-fights. All of these have happened despite pledges, despite student laws and despite progress. Why have these things got the better of us? Why have we allowed ourselves to retrograde? Is it because we believe hazing right? Burro thinks not.

This is how matters stood last June. At a college meeting the student body decided to restore indiscriminate hazing. Everyone recalls that at that meeting wit had the better of common sense. At the last meeting of the Arcadia, that body decided to disavow indiscriminate hazing and to place a motion to that effect before the

first college meeting of this year.

However, the Board of Trustees took affairs into their own hands and during vacation ruled that there should be no hazing whatever. This action reminds one of the sudden closing of a water main. There occurs what is known as a water hammer and the pipe usually bursts somewhere along the line. The only way to close a water main is to turn the valve slowly. Burro believes that the present reaction toward hazing is the water hammer, so to speak.

There is much to be said in favor of hazing—else the custom would not have existed so long. Also there is much to be said against it—else there would not be this strenuous opposition. The sum of the favorable arguments are these: 1. It is a custom. 2. The human animal is so constructed that he enjoys it. 3. It is one way to maintain those other college customs which we hold so dear. The only argument against it is:

1. The physical toll

The question in every one's mind, who ponders the matter thoughtfully, is: Have I, who am husky and healthy, the right to endanger the life or limb of the weaklings who will not or dare not stay out of these affairs? Just at present we are protesting—in a way—against the usurpation of what we believe our rights rather than contending hazing to be right. In the end hazing must and will go.

The Value of Life

Many persons maintain that at present a human life is not worth a pinch of salt. When we read of seven million martial corpses we sometimes believe it to be true. But hold! Each of those seven million have contributed something, even tho' it be small, infinitely greater toward the world's advance than if they had lived their allotted three score and ten in their ordinary plodding paths. Christ died at the age of thirty-three, but in those few years he made his life worth myriads of ordinary existences. Today we realize that the value of a life is not so much the care we take to prolong it but the effect that life has upon others regardless of the time and man-

ner of its end. Many a peasant lad has contributed more to the cause of humanity by dying at eighteen than did his father by living ninety years.

The Next Number

The next number—the Contributor's Number—will be mailed October 31. No work of the Burr Board is to go in this issue. The competitors and other contributors will do the work entirely. See how the Contributor's Number compares with the other issues. Burro maintains that the wit which is bandied about the campus and in the class-rooms if concentrated between the covers of the Burr would make a world beating comic. You have until October 19 to contribute.

Depletions

The Burr announces with regret that the following men have left college and the Burr Board for military service: E. A. Mooers, '18; H. F. Golding, '18; R. W. Wolcott, '18; R. A. Cohn, '19; R. K. Miller, '19; K. M. Bevier, '19; and E. G. Tremaine, Jr., '20.

Lehigh Alumni!

The alumni who have maintained their interest in the University, without urging or request are to be greatly commended, but the others are just as capable of the loyalty these favored sons have demonstrated. And that is why we have an Alumni Secretary. It is his job to instil in the laggards that loyalty which by their matriculation is their glorious privilege. It is his place to unite and organize all our alumni into one single-minded unit which strives ever for the improvement, success and glory of our Alma Mater. "Once a Lehigh man, always a Lehigh man," is the slogan of our new Alumni Secretary, Walter Okeson. His energy is rapidly bearing its fruit. Burro wishes him a successful campaign.



A kind gentleman gave her his seat

Valuable Stuff!

This—"I just sold my diamond ring."
That—"Why?"
This—"Well, we needed a new porch rocker."

Extract from a Musical Write-up

"With a voice choking with emotion and Limburger cheese, she very beautifully sang 'Swimming Thru the Mashed Potatoes,' accompanied by the organist."

The Lady—"I'm pleased to meet you."
The Man—"I thought you would be."

Frosh—"Why is the lining to the Frosh caps green?"

Junior—"Because it matches his head."

Frosh—"I used to wonder why Juniors wore soft hats."

**Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Crab and you live in a shell.**

Villianous Stuff

"Ah ha," he cried, "at last I've got you. No longer will you bother me with your poisonous kisses; no longer will you come playing around me like a child only to turn against me at your first opportunity. You are gone forever. I killed you. I, do you hear? I, whom you have bothered and annoyed for the past two weeks. I crushed your life blood out as I would a fly. My only ambition was to destroy you, you dunned mosquito!"

Heading from a South Bethlehem Newspaper

"Flees in his nightshirt." Burro rises to remark that that's what he gets for taking Fido to bed with him!

A Lucky Guy

Bill—"Say, do you remember Slim Jim, who flunked out last year. Well, he has a position in the Steel Works and has two hundred men under him."

Jack—"Gosh! Kicked out of college and getting such a good position so soon. What does he do?"

Bill—"He is sweeper on the second floor."

Fallen Prof. (to Freshie who is assisting him to rise)—"I slipped on that step; it's so icy."

Freshman—"So I see."

Prof.—"Sir, how dare you mimic me?"

Did you ever write a jingle?
Or a funny little verse?

It seems a simple bit of harmless fun.
So thought I. But now I've tried it,
And though I've tried to hide it,

I have come to the ultimate conclusion that
the thing is practically an impossibility, and I
begin to realize that—It can't be done!

The Short One—"Say, you big, long-legged giraffe, you're so tall that when you smoke a cigar at night, you look like a light house."

The Tall One—"Shut up, you little sawed-off, hammered down runt. You're so darned little that when you smoke a cigarette, you look like a cigarette holder."



Origin of the soul kiss

A FABLE IN SLANG

By Lemon Ade

The Fable of the Frosh and His Awakening

Once upon a time there was a little boy of nineteen summers, Oswald Ossington by name, who attended the Squedunk High School. Now Oswald was especially bright for his age. Everybody said so. At Latin he was a shark and when it came to Geometry, why he could prove that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points every time. Yes sir, in that little red school house he was the whole cheese and nothing but the cheese. Speaking in the tongue of our Ally, he was a *homme d'esprit*.

Well, when our Oswald graduated he, of course, monopolized the first honor, leaving his other nine Classmates out in the cold. But they had given up the ghost long ago in favor of Ossie. Now, in the course of human events, it was perfectly natural that he should gain more knowledge elsewhere, so he decided to attend one of the leading universities.

To make a long story short, Oswald had it all doped out. He was going to live at one of those fraternities as soon as he got there. Yes sir, and he wasn't going to take any sass from any Prof. either. Kaiser was going to be his middle name.

Well Ossie arrived and on account of his big bulk and manly features was duly invited to a Frat. Now Ossie had made up his mind that once he got statred he was going to do it right, so he immediately began to recount his many adventures at the Squedunk H. S. Among other things, he told how he had pulled himself up from a poor, ignorant farmer to one of the brightest men of the Country. And he told how the teacher always used to let him clean the erasers and ring the school bell. "Bully, bully," cried the brothers and thought the same thing.

And did Oswald stay long at that house? Ha, we'll say he didn't! His number was in the first hundred. He was branded as a Hick and a Hard-Boiled Egg. He was impossible!

What does Ossie do now? Why Ossie now lives at the Dorms; a very meek and dejected-looking Frosh. The finishing touch was a tea party. That was the camel that broke the Straw's back. After that he was pepless; a normal Freshman.

MORAL—Remember, you're not the only Camel in the Pack.

A Personal Letter to the Kaiser

From an American College Student

U. S. A., Sept., 1917.

Wilhelm:—

Did you ever stop to think what it would mean if the United States entered the war? Did you consider the consequences of a nation like ours, with its millions of men, its billions of dollars, and its immense resources, fighting against you? No; of course you didn't. You didn't think that we would fight. You thought that all we cared for was to make money and then to spend it. You thought we cared nothing for right or principle. You thought we were moral cowards. But Bill, that only shows your ignorance of American History. That was your one fatal error. You were a fool to think that we would stand quietly by and watch you murder and destroy to your heart's content. You were crazy to think that we would allow you to sink our ships and kill our people without saying a word. We didn't want to fight, Wilhelm, but it seems the only way to destroy a devil like you.

And now Bill, in case you should overlook the fact, I want to tell you that the American College Student can fight as well as any German student. If you think that we can do nothing but cheer and play football and smoke cigarettes—think again. We can either fight you directly or we can serve our country as better engineers, but in any case, we have but one thought—to rid the world of you and all of your kind. And if you know us at all, Bill, you'll remember that when we start something, we usually never stop until we have accomplished our purpose. Why Bill, we're even willing to sacrifice our education for Democracy. For either you must go or we, as we have no desire to live in the same world with you. So Bill, you'll find us there in France, doing our share "to make the world safe for Democracy," and Bill, WE'LL DO IT!

Believe me,

AN AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENT.

How About the Brave Brunettes?

Willie—"Are you going to enlist?"

Do It—"No, I've decided to stay home with the Liberty Blonds."

Splendid

First Literary Nutt—"Did you win a prize in that literary contest?"

Second Ditto—"No, only a Horrible Mention."



"Yes, he's getting along as well as can be expected under the circumstances."

Seven Keys to Baldplate

Windy Williams was sitting at his desk, drowsily moping over the lesson in Calculus. The wind whistled whimsically through the windings of the windowed corridor. Lower and lower sank Windy's head, until he had passed completely into the land of Nod.

A scraping sound was heard at the door. The lock grated with a gruesome groan, and the professor of Calculus entered. He raised his hand in a gesture of accusation. "Young man, you will never stay in college if that is the way you are going to spend your evenings. I shall speak to the Dean tomorrow and see that you are dismissed from the University at once. Farewell." Exit professor amidst the applause of a dead silence.

The door was hardly closed until another key slipped into the lock. The landlady entered. "A thousand curses on you. I am going to write your father at once to settle with me for back rent, and I will also speak to the President of the University, and see to it that you will be dismissed." Windy sank lower into the depths of the chair, under the threatening eyes of his tormentor.

Exit landlady. Enter the I. W. W. agitator.

"Hist, a bomb is concealed under my coat. Unless you do as I say, you will be blown to kingdom come and then some. Resign from college, and help us in the mighty work of the Hot Air Society." A noise at the door, and the I. W. W. worker in terror plunged through the window out into the whistling wind, as it howled in its mad course through the night.

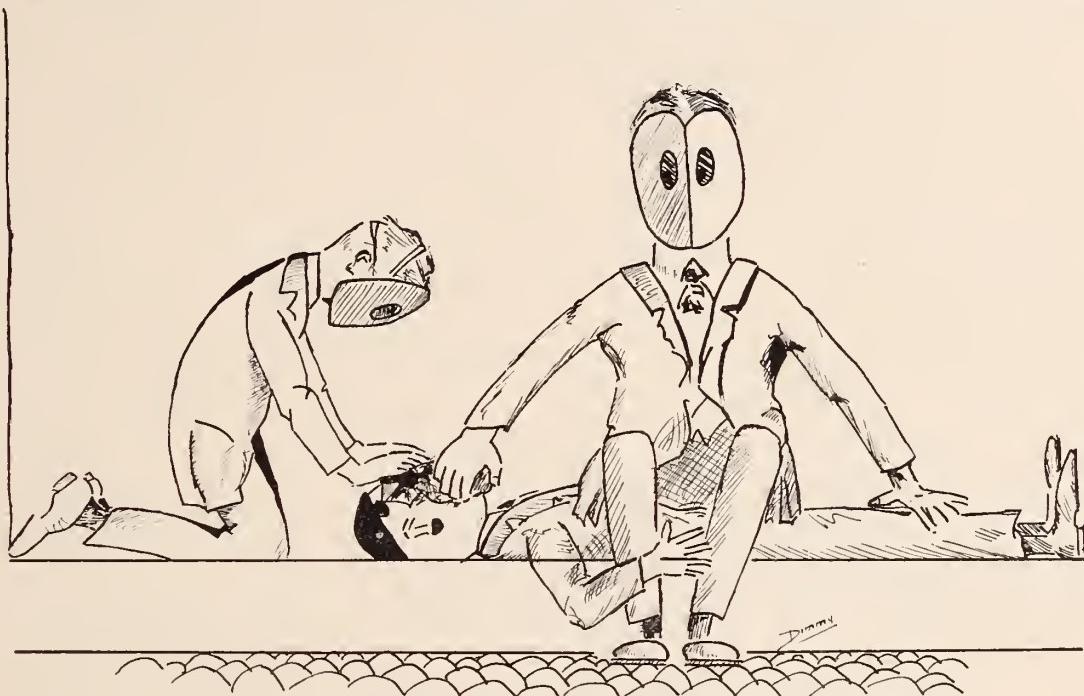
The recruiting officer appeared on the scene from the doorway. "Young man, the only place for you at this time is in the army. Resign from college now, enlist in the army and show that you still have the red-blood of an American in you. Do your bit, as the rest of your classmates are doing. I will look for you tomorrow at the recruiting office." Exit the recruiting officer by way of the door.

A verbal argument followed in the hall way, and then a rush for the door. In burst the tailor. "Where is the money for the last four suits of clothes that I have made for you? I am going to court immediately, and bring a SUIT for damages. Pay up or you go out of college faster than you ever came in." Windy had sunk almost to the floor by this time.

A sixth character made his appearance almost immediately after the enraged tailor had disappeared. It was Windy's father. His face was stern and set. "My boy, I have given you the chance to make good, and you have not accepted it. Unless you brace up within the next six weeks, I am going to withdraw you from college, and you will have to go to work in my office as a clerk, salary forty dollars a month." Windy put his hands up to his eyes, and did not dare face the countenance of his father.

What then did he see coming through the door towards him? It was the form of a beautiful girl, HIS GIRL, with arms stretched out towards him, beckoning him to leave college, and to go out upon the cruel cold world with her as a companion. Ah, could anyone imagine a more pleasant happiness than this. Then too this figure faded before him, as the others had done and he was left quite alone.

He started from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and saw the Calculus volume staring him in the face. The wind was still whistling whimsically without. He collected his scattered senses, and looked around him. The door was still closed, and everything was the same as it had been before. He could scarcely believe that he himself was talking as he ejaculated exclamatorily, "Lord, and to think, I'm still in college." It was but the passing of a dream.



**A new use for gas masks
"A Limburger attack"**

What's This World Coming To?

First Act—1917

Waiter—"What'll it be boys?"
Boys—"Two chocolate almond sundaes."
Waiter—"With almonds?"

Second Act—1918

Waiter—"What'll it be boys?"
Boys—"Two ham sandwiches."
Waiter—"With ham?"

Third Act—1919

Waiter—"What'll it be boys?"
Boys—"Two glasses of water. Yes, with water, if you please."

Visitor to Hospital Attendant — "Is Mr. Murphy in?"

H. A. to V.—"Yes, he is convalescing now."

V. to H. A.—"Very well, I'll wait."

Prof.—"Mr. Twenty-One, how do you decline 'drink?'"

Lit.—"My dear Professor, that's something I never decline."

Deaf America

The exemption boards are having trouble with men who say that they cannot hear. Most always, however, the examining physicians can soon tell whether the ear of the registrant is affected or not. The registrant held his right ear shut, and the examiner said:

"Can you hear me?" No answer. Then louder, "Can you hear me?" Again no answer "Now hold your other ear shut," ordered the physician, which the patriotic young man promptly did.

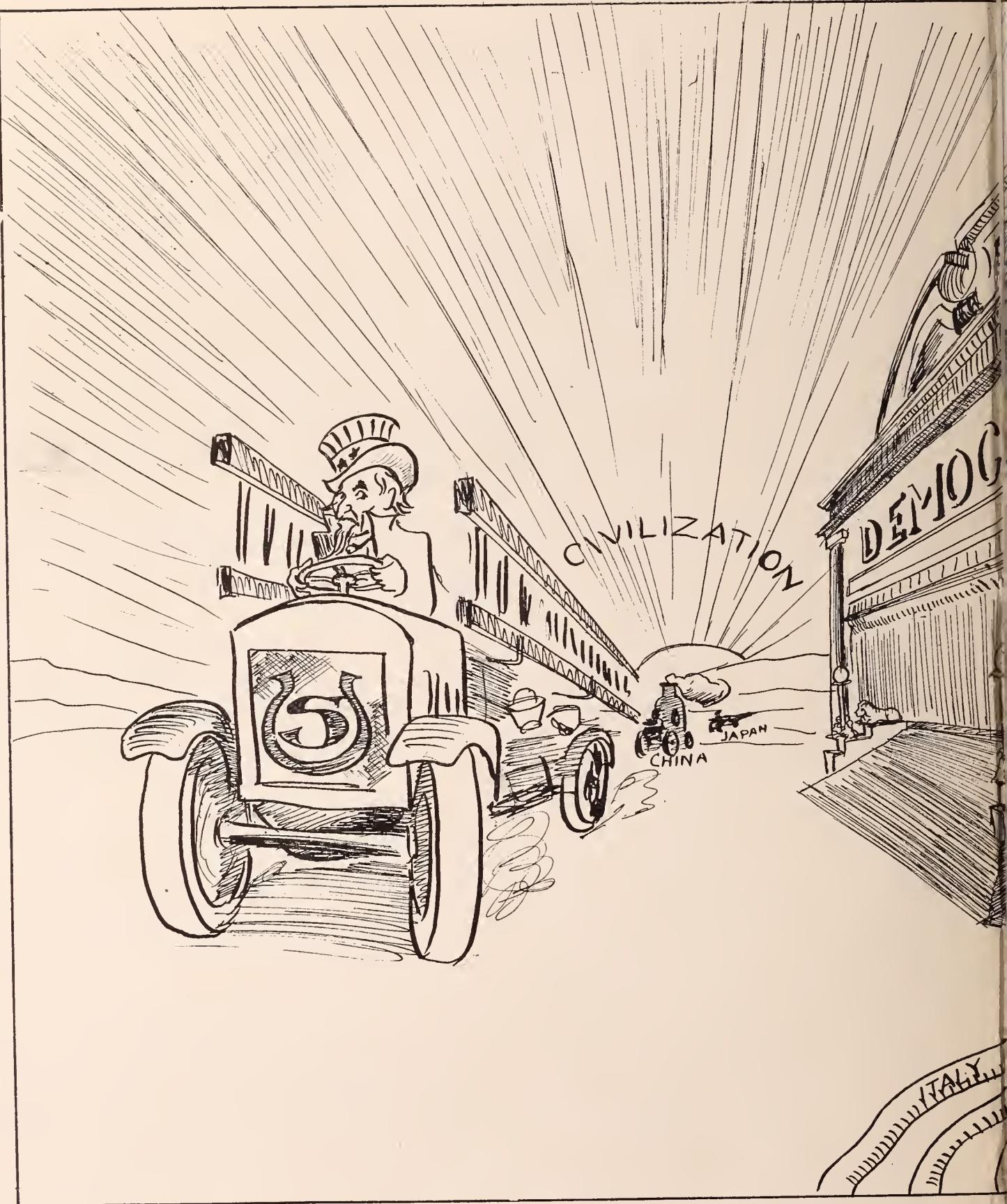
Another young patriotic man, who was eager to fight the Boches, but had defective hearing. He couldn't hear a word that was said until someone dropped a half dollar behind him, when he promptly turned around and looked for the coin.

Fishy Stuff

Visitor—"Have you ever written music?"
Mendelsoon—"Oh yes, I composed *The Fish Rag*."

Visitor—"The Fish Rag!—why that's a new ones."

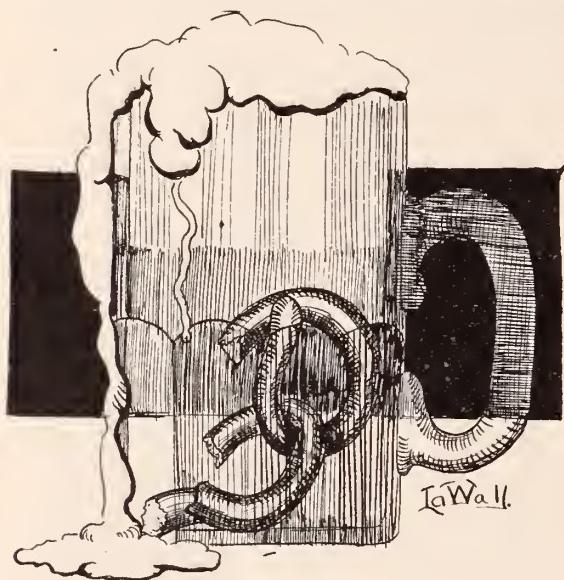
Mendelsoon—"Yes, it's full of scales."



THE GEN



RAL ALARM

**Broken in Spirits****Slightly Mixed, We'd Say**

A minister was preaching a very inspiring sermon one Sunday on the joys and pleasures of childhood. He spoke of his desire to be a child again and became very enthusiastic and excited during his sermon. He concluded by saying, "O Lord, take us back to the sins of our childhood."

Try It Sometime

"All right, Oswald, now you ask me how to get down from an elephant. Understand? All right, shoot!"

"Oh, I say, Oscar, can you inform me as to the best way of getting down from an elephant?"

"Why, my dear boy, I'm surprised at your ignorance. You don't get down from an elephant, you get it from a goose."

'19—"What is the meaning of 'Camouflage?'"

'21 (Ignorant as usual)—"A certain kind of food which has a peculiar composition and odor—"

'19—"You're thinking of Camembert."

VERS LIBRE, As 'Twere

Editor's Note—This verse is very *Libre*.

A man once had an Automobile.
No, it wasn't exactly An automobile.
It was a Ford.
Now this "Henry" was not In its youth.
In fact it was About five years Old.
And, among other things It needed A horn.
And so, when about to receive This modern Improvement
The man remarked, With much concern,
"Why put this Extra attachment On,
It looks like The Devil Anyway."
And thereby hangs This tale.

A Story With An Impossible Ending

The wind whistled! The trees bowed. Yes, it was a windy night. See that stately brick chimney. Whistle, whistle, whistle comes the wind. Down comes a red brick, falling with an acceleration of 32.16 feet per second. It strikes the head of a B. A. student below.* The brick breaks into 1,000 pieces and the student walks home unharmed.

*This does not mean below grade.

The "Terror of Torrey Canyon" may seem formidable to some Freshmen, and even the reptile on the wall in Drown Hall may be considered repugnant by a few, but—do either of them make you quake; or your teeth chatter, or your knees shake; or your bony frame rattle as does that small, unobtrusive looking little sign "Dept. of Mathematics."

These Time Worn Aphorisms

Jasper—"What goes up must also come down."

Casper—"So, if we go to Heaven we must also go to Hell."



He pressed her to his manly breast,
He gently hovered o'er her;
Her daddy's feet flashed thru the air;
He's wiser now and sorier.

A Globe Trotter

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"
Second Flea—"Nope, been on a tramp."

If you class these jokes as chestnuts,
And would put them on the shelf,
Just come across, then, Freshie,
With a few good jokes yourself!

Chemistry Prof.—"Name three articles containing starch."

Freshman—"Two cuffs and a collar."

The Shortest Love Story

ACT I

Maid—one.

ACT II

Maid won.

ACT III

Made one.

Of course if you ask and insist
In the words of Hiawatha "I will answer, I
will tell you—"
These few lines, which look so solemn,
Were just stuck in to fill the column.

When you see a dashing Junior
Blushing scarlet in the face
Every time he pulls his watch out—
There's a woman in the case.

Too True

The shades of night were falling fast,
The game was finished up at last,
The "ump" expired without a sound,
They opened up his head and found--
Excelsior!

Prof.—"The first man was found in India."
Inquisitive Frosh?—"Who found him?"

Lives of bad men must remind us
We should live a life sublime,
Or departing, we will find us
With them, in a hotter clime.

During our vacation we saw the following sign on a certain church:

Evening Services will be Suspended
A Welcome to All

The Sayings of Solomon

He that wisheth to rise with the sun should not stay up late with the daughter.

Freshman (excitedly)—“Professor, someone is using a German pony.”

Professor—“How do you know?”

Freshman—“It's gone from the library.”

Seen on a Campus Bulletin Board

“Lost, a German book by a Freshman with a torn back and an appendix covered with ink.”

Prof.—“Your answer is about as clear as mud.”

Student—“Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?”

The parlor sofa holds the twain,
Miranda and her love-sick swain,
He and she!
But hark! A step upon the stair,
And papa finds them sitting there.
He and she.

Help Me, Hoover!

The Food Administrator was in an irritable mood.

“Can it!” he waved at the office boy who entered with a card.

“Dry up!” he commanded the stenographer who approached with a notation on a new Heinz variety.

A loud clamor arose outside. A committee of housewives was approaching.

“Saints preserve us!” cried the chief and, ramming on his hat, he disappeared in the direction of the Potomac.

Your Nose Knows

The Artist (sadly)—“Bohemia has lost its savour!”

The Soul-less Guy—“I suppose the authorities have forbidden the cooking of tripe?”

Of Course!

Jones—“I thought you told me her voice was cracked?”

Bones—“Well, she sings pieces, doesn't she?”

Jim—“Do you worry over your confectioner's bill?”

Father Goose

There was a girl in out town
And she was wondrous wise.
She entertained a chap one night
Who wore bewitching ties.
Somnambulistic was her dad:
He entered in his nightie.
But she was wise and in a trice
She overturned the light-ie;
With all her might and main
She murmured, “Pardon me,” and then
Rushed pa right up again.

John—“What's the sense of me and the confectioner worryin' over the same bill?”

Percy—“I see the skirts are to be worn shorter than usual.”

Mercy—“But goodness, all the skirts I have seen recently are already being worn shorter than usual.”

War Jottings

General Bull—“How did you come out of that liquid fire raid?”

General Nuisance—“Oh, pretty easy. The only thing that is spoiled is my rubber collar.”

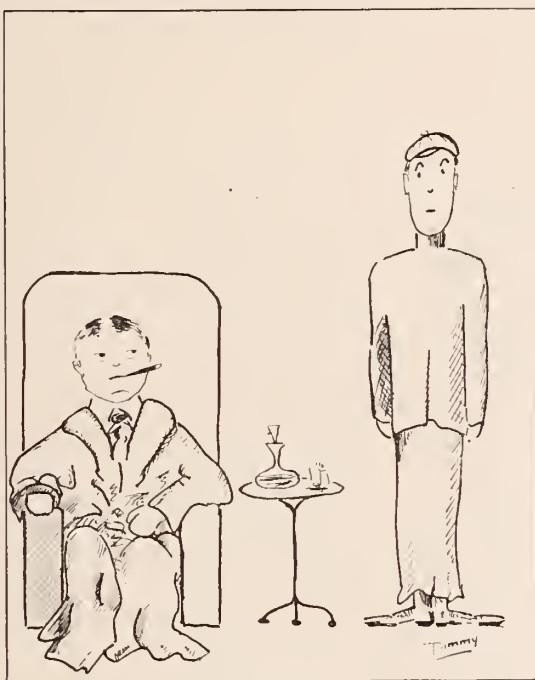
There is a short Prof. in Coppee,
Who is quite bald so they say
Every bright engineer
Comes in for his leer,
And leaves with a look of dismay.

Thick Stuff

Brown—“Where is South?”

White—“Down there.”

Brown—“I was down there and they said it was still further down.”



Bromo—"I don't think I'll go to work to morrow."

Seltzer—"Nobody will miss you except the time card."

Bromo—"Yes but that will miss a good punch."

**Since war was declared my enlistment's been
due**

**Still I thought of ease and of life with you,
But the blood of my forefathers ran warm in
my veins**

**As I counted my losses as profits and gains.
While the Goths are dead and their bones lie
cold,**

**Yet the passions of men are swayed as of old.
And I thought if ever I could prove it to you,
That the man you have married was constant
and true.**

**My soul on my deathbed would rest with the
thought**

**That to die for my country, her honor un-
bought,**

**Beloved by my friends was the goal I had
sought.**

Pessimism

Ellen—"Cheer up, old Top, you'll get her yet."

Lee—"You're always looking on the dark side."

The Latest War News

By Our Special War Correspondent

Jdrbupw, Russia., Sept.—The Germans have now perfected a new instrument of warfare. Having been greatly repulsed by a regiment of Russian women, the Germans have now collected thousands of rats and mice and by this means they have completely routed their enemies.

Cantspellit, Poland, Aug. 15, 1914, (delayed)—The Germans fighting here were compelled to wear gas masks on account of a cheese factory which is located in this city. This greatly hindered their movements and caused their defeat.

Rtwqlzt, France, Sept.—The Germans in this region have been furnished with beer in the trenches which explains their increased ferocity in fighting. To counteract this, the French have been supplied with wine. After this the Germans lost heavily.

(Censored), France, Sept.—At (Censored), when the (Censored) opened the attack, they (Censored) and as a result (Censored). The weather was clear and warm. Having repulsed the enemy, the (Censored). (Censored) lives were lost.

A New Job

Ambrose—"I got a new job, to-day."

Timothy—"So! What's it like?"

Ambrose—"I'm getting paid for singing at funerals."

Timothy—"Gosh, people must be dying to hear you sing."

Prof. (after explaining a very intricate theory of Psychology)—"Jones, when are you going to see it?"

Stude (Up from his reverie about her)—"Next week-end, I think."



A strenuous attack under cover of darkness

Roget's New Address

"Can you tell me where I can find a good thesaurus?"

"Have you tried the museum of Natural History?"—*The Lamb.*

LESSONS IN ETIQUETTE

Hints for Soup Inhalers

1. Attach Maxim silencer before starting.
2. Wear a celluloid collar. Be sure it is waterproof.
3. By using two spoons, the soup course will be over the quickest.
4. As the spoon strikes the soup, dodge behind a napkin.
5. Safety First! Don't inhale thru your nose when you have the soup spoon in position to suck off the soup.
6. To remove the last portion of soup from the bowl, use a hard piece of bread as a blotter.
7. If by chance you should happen to find a few particles of meat in the soup, don't call the waiter's attention to it but eat it like a good sport.
8. Soup-eating is a very fine accompaniment for a violin solo.—*By a Fellow Soup Slinger.*

**We Should Jolly Well Like to Meet the Man—
Who can read this issue of the Burr without
laughing.**



THE END



ACHIEVEMENT

Twenty-five years ago the General Electric Company was founded.

Since then, electricity has sent its thrill through the whole structure of life.

Eager to turn wheels, to lift and carry, to banish dark, to gather heat, to hurl voices and thoughts across space, to give the world new tools for its work — electricity has bent to man's will.

Throughout this period the General Electric Company has held the great responsibilities and high ideals of leadership.

It has set free the spirit of research.

It has given tangible form to invention, in apparatus of infinite precision and gigantic power.

And it has gone forth, co-operating with every industry, to command this unseen force and fetch it far to serve all people.

By the achievements which this company has already recorded may best be judged the greater ends its future shall attain, the deeper mysteries it yet shall solve in electrifying more and more of the world's work

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BELTS BATHROBES, ETC.

Men's New Footwear is here in all famous makes. "Bostonian,"
"Stetsons", "Edwin Clapp" and others.—Newest Styles and Leathers

Defined

"Pop, what is a fine military carriage?"

"British tank, my son."—*Judge*.

What They Want

What the Allies want is simply this:
the status quo ante-Wilhelm.—*Judge*.



Our aim has always been to make better clothes—content with knowing that our business would grow with the bettering.

This Fall we're especially proud of our showing because of the job it has been to get fabrics that would come up to our all-wool standard.

At the Hotel Wyannotte:

Wednesday, October 17th
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Memorandum package sent to any fraternity member through the secretary of the chapter. Special designs and estimates furnished on medals, rings, pins for Athletic meets, etc.

Getting Even

The captain and the mate on board the Pretty Polly were at loggerheads. They scowled whenever they met, and seized opportunities of scoring off each other with fearful glee. Each took a turn at making the day's entries in the log-book, and the mate, when making his entries, was very surprised to find, in the handwriting of the captain, the words:

"June 2nd, 1917.—Mate drunk."

He stared at it wrathfully a moment, then a slow grin broke over his face. He took his pen and wrote:

"June 3rd, 1917—Captain sober."

—*London Opinion*.

First Aid

He had been fishing patiently for several hours without a bite when a small urchin strolled up.

"Any luck, guy'nor?" he called out.

"Run away, boy," growled the angler, in gruff tones.

"No offense, sir," said the boy, as he walked away. "only I just wanted to say that my father keeps the best fish shop in the High Street: fust down on the right, sir."—*London Opinion*.

An Uncrowded Industry

Pat had just arrived from Ireland when Mike, who had been in America for some years, spied him.

"Faith, Pat," exclaimed Mike, "what are you doing over here?"

"I've come over," answered Pat, "to try if I can make an honest living."

"Begorra, Pat, me boy, that's dead aisy over here, for it's dommed little competition you have in this country."

—*The Lamb*.

Fortune teller—"There is trouble coming in your household from a blonde woman and a dark man."

Patron—"It's come. Our Swedish cook eloped with the coal man."

—*Baltimore American*.

Delicately Put

"I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted girl?"

"I do, sir. And I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

—*Passing Show*.

LYRIC THEATRE

W. D. FITZGERALD, Manager
Allentown, Pa.

| | |
|---------------|--------------------------|
| October 15-16 | “The Wizard of Wiseland” |
| October 17-18 | “A Barren Woman” |
| October 19-20 | “The Bird of Paradise” |
| October 22 | “The Man Who Came Back” |
| October 24 | “Her Soldier Boy” |
| October 25-27 | “The Cinderella Man” |
| October 29 | “Pretty Baby” |

Taking No Chances

A big darky was being registered.

“Ah can’t go to wah,” he answered in re exemption, “foh they ain’t nobody to look afteh ma wife.”

A dapper little undersized colored brother stepped briskly up and inquired, “What kind of a lookin’ lady is yoh wife?”—*Life*.

Professor—“Pat, what is your solution to the World Problem?”

Pat—“Well sor, I think we should ave a World Democracy—with an Irishman for king.”—*Life*.

Epidemic

Dasher—“Two-thirds of the world are now at war.”

Fanning—“Yes; the thing’s becoming almost as general as a neighborhood row.”—*Life*.

A Problem

Which will disappear from the earth first—kings or food—*Ex.*

SHANKWEILER & LEHR

ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

The Leading Clothing and Furnishing House of the Lehigh Valley

The Season’s Featured Styles in High-Class Apparel
are Now Being Displayed

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE FAMOUS “SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES”

But Then

“But isn’t your son rather young to join the army?”

“Well, he is very young, but then he’s going to join the infantry.”

—*Boston Transcript*.

Fly in the Ointment

May—“Why the pout?”

Belle—“I was just thinking what a horrid world this is. One must marry to get alimony.”—*Judge*.

PERFECTION

You will like these new “FARR” STYLES of Men’s Shoes
for this reason—

“Style” - “Quality” and “Fit”

are all perfectly combined to give you the best possible value.

EASTON
PA.



ALLENTOWN
PA.

“Foot-Fitters” for over half a century



Who Knows?

A lad in a Chicago school refused to learn to sew, evidently deeming it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man.

“George Washington sewed,” said the instructor “he took it for granted that a soldier must. Do you consider yourself better than George Washington?”

“I don’t know said the boy seriously, “Time will tell.”—*Harper’s*.

Nun-Too-True

Ignatz—I saw too nuns today, who greatly resembled each other.”

Briteness—“Huh; they must be sisters.”—*Awgwan*.

Condiments

“He is the salt of the earth.”
“And she the pepper.”—*Judge*.

WHEN YOU THINK OF

ANYTHING MUSICAL
DON’T FORGET THE

A. C. Huff Music Store

57 So. Main St., Bethlehem, Pa.

CAN BEST SUPPLY YOUR WANTS

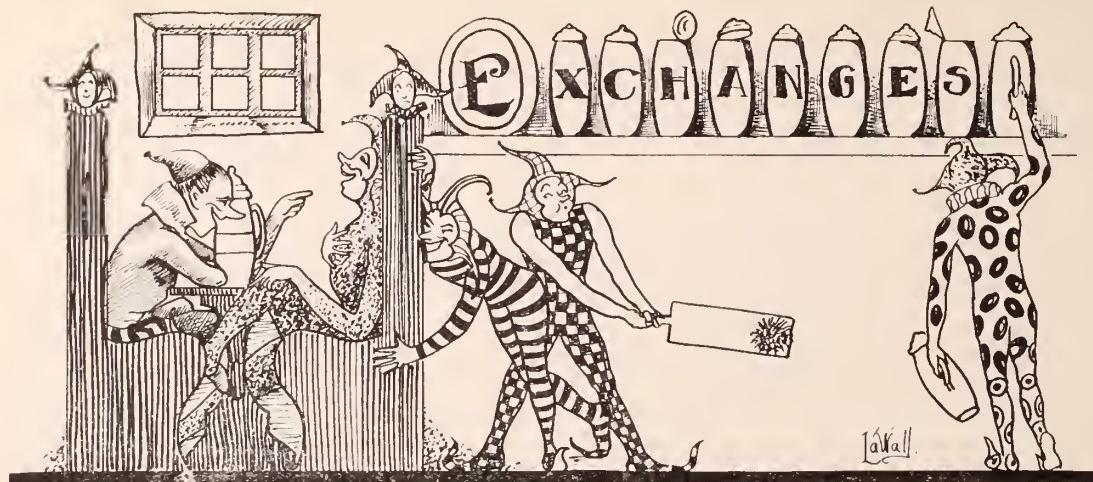
Quality Satisfaction Value

Rates \$1 00 per day and up. European.

Garage Accommodations

NEW MERCHANTS
HOTEL

4th and New Sts., South Bethlehem.

**Same Thing, Only Different**

Bilton—Have you any close friends who have money?

Tilton—All my friends who have money are close.

—*Lampon*.

'16—Did the game look like a frame-up?

Ex-'16—Not exactly, but the losers were a picture of despair.

—*Tiger*.

She—"Don't you think that Myrtle looks ugly in that ultra low-cut dress?"

He—"Not as far as I can see."

—*Jester*.

Y. M. C. A. Worker: "My mission is saving souls."

Out of the Trenches: "Save me a blonde one, will you?"

—*Twgwan*.

Up Men! And At 'em

Sweet Thing—"Are you a Navy man?"

Mosquiter—"Oh yes, I am thoroughly acquainted with nautical matters."

Sweet Thing—"Then tell me, do the officers aboard submarines carry water-pistols?"

—*Widow*.

Give a poor man a quarter, sir."

"I haf no quoter."

"Well, give me a dime for a bed."

"Ah, now you're talking bizness. Show me der bed."

Dear old Dad
I take my pen
To let you know
I need a ten.
I really hate
To bother you.
If you are short
A five will do.
Just send me one.
Must study now,
Your loving son.

—*Twgwan*.

Prof.— Does the moon affect the tide?

tide?

Co-Ed.— No, sir, merely the untied.

—*Chaparrel*.

Whoa, Back Up, Sally!

I saw her in a bathing suit,
My joy description begs,
I've never seen such lovely, slim
And most bewitching arms.

I'm going to turn you down, she said,
He had an awful fright;
But she didn't mean what he thot she
meant,
For she went to the parlor light.

Guaranteed Goods

"I do declare! Arethusa Winters is married again, and to a man from Chicago. I wonder how she got him."

"Oh, probably from one of them big male order houses."

—*Lampon*.

No Oswald, even tho the price of paper rises, writing paper will always be stationary.

—*Widow*.

A. HAFNER

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Official Watch Inspectors for L. V. R. R.
L. & N. E. R. R. and C. R. R. of N. J.

415 Wyandotte St., South Bethlehem, Pa.

"Arter Larnin"

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country school house.

"This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's your bill o' fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."—*Home Journal*.

Ye Fair Knitter—"Isn't it dreadful. They say the war may last three years longer."

Ye Unfair Knitter—"Possibly that will give you time to finish one of these socks you are knitting for the soldiers."

—*Life*.

Must Wait for the Newspaper

"How many revolutions does the earth make in a day? It's your turn, Willie Smith."

"Yoou can't tell, teacher, till you see the morning paper."—*Baltimore American*.

Mealey's Auditorium ALLENTOWN

Dancing Classes—Monday and Friday.

Parties—Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

10-PIECE ORCHESTRA

Prof. W. J. Mealey

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Mgr. Torpey's Famous Orchestras.
Orchestras furnished for all occasions.

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Columbia Phonographs
Singer Sewing Machines

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353 BROADWAY

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Suits made to order from \$16.00 up

Pressing Club, 4 Suits for \$1.25—Pressed by Hand

Suits called for and delivered

LEHIGH STUDENTS

—BUY—

Furniture, Carpets and Rugs

—AT—

Worsley Bros.**Sure of Getting His**

"The first shall be last and the last shall be first," quoted the devout citizen.

"It makes no difference o me how you arrange 'em," replied the expert commercialist. "I'll get mine either way. I'm the middleman."—*Life*.

**OPPELT'S
"SWEETLAND"****CONFECTIONERY & ICE CREAM**

328 West Fourth St., South Bethlehem, Pa.

ADAM BRINKER

W. C. LAZARUS

Adam Brinker & Co.

Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in

Harness, Trunks, Pocket-Books, Dress-Suit Cases, Razors and Penknives.

CLOTH, HAIR AND SHAVING BRUSHES
119 East 3rd St., South Bethlehem, Pa.

For Clean White Work

—TRY THE—

ELECTRIC LAUNDRY

South Bethlehem, Penna.

War Tribulations

They were a very tired battalion and a very Cockney battalion, and when they spoke to the members of the battalion who had met them their speech was rich with expletives.

Said a sympathizer of the other battalion:

"You look jolly tired, mate. 'Ave you bin far?"

The spokesman of the weary ones answered shortly and sweetly:

"Bin far. Why, we've walked over nearly the 'ole o' France, and wot we ain't walked over, we've got in our sandbags."—*Tit-Bits*.

Too Personal

Upon the recent death of an American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former senator?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a cynical member of the group, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"—*Tit-Bits*.

An Acrobat in the Squad

Sergeant (drilling squad)—"Com, pany. Attention, company. Lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you."

One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily:

"And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"

—*Chicago News*.

Good Reason

Professor—"What do the buffaloes on the new nickels stand for?"

Voice from the dead—"Because they have not room to sit down."

—*Lampoon*.

Accommodating Husband

Wife—"Can you let me have a little money, John?"

Hub—"Certainly, my dear. About how little?"—*Boston Transcript*.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF**Buy Honest Wear Shoes**

We sell the kind College Men wear.

M. E. KREIDLER

17 E. Third St., South Bethlehem, Pa.

GROSS

SOLE AGENCY FOR

Samoset Chocolates

109 WEST FOURTH STREET

Economy

He—"Shall I bring candy?"

She—"I'd rather have chewing gum—it's more durable."—*Panther*.

New Nurse—"How did you feel when you were falling, Lieutenant?"

Lieut.—"Deucedly upset, y'know."

—*Widow*.**FRANK BEAHM**

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—*Lampon*.

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On His Way

"I'se gwine to quit, Boss. I'se got a bettah job."

"Bigger pay, Sam?"

"No, sah; de pay's smaller, but the work's easier."—*Ideal Power*.

Heard at the Club

Jack—"Since George enlisted, Kitty won't play twosome any more."

Jane—"Yes, she says that rather than play with any of the men that are left she prefers to play a lonesome.—*Judge*.

"John, what is a proletariat?"

"Mary, my dear, I am astonished you should ask me such a question, and before the children, too."—*Baltimore American*.

He Lost His Enthusiasm

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae you lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."—*Current Opinion*.

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